

Pressure by **MegAMusicLover**

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Summary: Nancy likes Steve, but Barb disagrees with her taste in men. Meanwhile, Nancy keeps looking over her shoulder feeling like someone has their eye on her, and while it could be Steve, he doesn't seem that interested. Life is about to change a little for Nancy but only after a bit of pressure.

Pressure

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the Stranger Things characters mentioned (of course).

This is in some alternate reality with no demogorgon or Eleven and in which, because of this, Barbara does not die and instead of dallying with Steve we cut through that crap straightaway.

Enjoy!

Nancy tried very hard to keep her eyes in her book, but Barb kept giggling to her left looking in a magazine because her homework was all done already. She loved the girl but her propensity for having her work done three weeks in advance could become just a tad grating when it left Nancy trying to focus through all the fun she was having in her now-free-time.

Nancy read the first sentence of the chapter again.

"The piece of land we now call "England" was inhabited first by the Celtic Britons..."

Yeah, not exactly riveting.

Barb chuckled again and flipped a page with a *fwap*. She was making fun of the overdone fashion styles that were featured weekly—well, the magazine didn't call them overdone, but Barb and Nancy were pretty underwhelmed by the idea of trying that hard in the morning, so they found it pretty absurd.

I need to focus!

As Nancy tried again not to look at her best friend she felt a sudden heavy presence behind her. She shivered and tried very hard this time not to look over her shoulder. She would focus if it killed her, darn it. She had a test next week.

She squirmed uncomfortably in the library chair, creaking in the dead silence of the library broken only by Barb's occasional snorts.

The hair on the back of her neck raised as she sensed someone watching her.

Unable to resist any longer, she turned around and looked to see who was causing her sixth sense alarm bells to go off. She saw someone in a hood with their nose buried thoroughly in their book—*well, at least someone in this library is getting some work done*—and on the other end of that same table, Steve Harrington sitting down in a chair and looking directly at her in his jock, handsome, cocky glory. As Nancy met eyes with him, he blew a bubble in the gum he was chewing noisily—*how did I not notice that until just now? Maybe my focusing was working*—and winked at her subtly. Her heart skipped a beat and she felt her cheeks begin to redden slightly. She turned back towards her book.

Barb, apparently having noted Nancy's diverted attention, glanced to where Nancy's gaze had been and huffed. "Jock, more like Jerk, hmm?" Barb's shortened nickname was apt, she did not hold back her true feelings about most people. Nancy felt Barb lay a hand on her shoulder and met her eyes. "You know he's not worth your time, right?"

Nancy heard her but she was also now acutely aware of Steve's continued gaze trained on her, and couldn't find it in her to answer. *Maybe you think that, but, he's cute.*

Nancy arbitrarily turned a page, pretending she was reading. The door to the library suddenly burst open and Nancy heard the loud voices of Steve's friends entering the room, guffawing with each other, and head to the table he was sitting at. They took seats next to him, completely disrupting the quiet of the library. *Where is the librarian?*, she wondered. Isn't this the part in all the musicals and books where the librarian gets everyone to shut up? She couldn't shake off the distraction. The clique continued their boisterous conversation and Nancy listened half-unwillingly, at points even hearing them utter her own name once or twice.

"God, don't they know what a library is for? This isn't the parking lot."

Nancy ignored Barb's comment and asked, "Can you hear what

they're saying?"

Barb rolled her eyes and pursed her lips, apparently refusing to answer. She turned back to her magazine, and Nancy put her head down towards her book. She almost felt like a piece of prey, more of her neck exposed and vulnerable to Steve's gaze with each inch she inclined to look at the history book. Her cheeks flushed, truly crimson this time. She bit her lip. She heard chairs slide out from the table he was sitting at. She sat up, her spine ramrod straight, her heart beating a thousand miles a minute.

She heard his steps, felt his presence, hell, she could even smell his cologne as it whirled behind her, getting closer, and she thought maybe he'd actually come talk to her, he was so close, just a little more... until he passed her, and turned his head to glance at her, cocking his eyebrow up and smirking.

Ugh, arrogant son of a...

But he noticed me!

Barb could see right through Nancy's wide-eyed unfocused stare and furrowed brow. "Nance I'm sorry but he acts like that with every girl! You can't fall for him like this. He's not a nice guy. You deserve a nice guy."

Now that Steve's posse was gone, the library was much quieter.

"I don't know what you're talking about. He was just being friendly."
Does Barb know how much I wish I was lying, and she was lying?

She should be able to focus now. She was going to ignore Steve. Barb was probably right but if she wasn't, it also wasn't like he'd asked her to the theater or anything. Nothing to write home about.

Right, History of the English Language...

The presence was still there. Nancy cleared her throat and grabbed the back of her neck, feeling like something was tickling it.

She turned. The table was empty. She and Barbara were the only students left.

"Ladies, the library will be closing for the night in 10 minutes. I'm sorry to kick you out but you'll have to find somewhere else to study." The librarian's voice came to them from near the stacks, and Barbara and Nancy looked at each other, silently deciding to pack up their stuff.

Oh yeah, now she's around. Nancy rolled her eyes and grumbled under her breath.

"Movie night?" Barb asked.

"Sure." Nancy could do her work tomorrow. It was Friday night, anyway.

Nancy gazed longingly across the lunchroom at Steve Harrington's table of popular people, briefly, short enough so as not to get caught.

"Not this again. I'm serious, he is not your type." Barb's voice broke into Nancy's reverie as she sat down with the questionable meal of the day. Nancy wrinkled her nose at the aroma of it, if one could call it that.

"But why do you say that?" Nancy sighed, picking up a French fry and dragging it wearily through the puddle of ketchup she had pumped onto her tray.

Barb looked at her sympathetically. "I just think he has different goals than you. In life, *and* in relationships. I don't want to see you get hurt."

Nancy huffed and slouched in her chair, her ponytail brushing the back of her neck. "You're right. I know you're right." She stuck the fry in her mouth, gloomy.

Barbara changed the topic abruptly, deciding Nancy needed to get out of this love-struck funk. Since when did either of them need boys? "So, how was your test?"

"Oh, it was fine. I made a study guide after I finally finished the reading. It was fairly interesting, after all that," Nancy tried to engage, knowing she'd be better off not thinking about Steve.

Pressure pushed in upon her from out of view.

But if Steve is in front of me, then who is there behind me...?

Nancy whipped around, hoping to catch whoever it was red-handed. Barb exhaled through her nose in surprise. "...Uh, Nance, whatcha doin'?" she inquired as Nancy scanned her eyes back and forth, roving for another pair to meet.

Generic faces, some she knew, others she didn't, swam in front of her, nothing recognizable or in line with her vision appearing.

She swiveled back to Barb. "Nothing. Just felt like something was encroaching upon my third eye. How's your food...?"

Lunch passed quickly after that, and the rest of classes that day as well. After school Nancy went outside for some fresh air before she headed to the library again. She spent most of her days there at least some part of the time, with Barbara. Barb actually had work to do for once, since one of her teachers only gave assignments on a week-by-week basis.

The air was cool and crisp in the autumn twilight, and Nancy's boots crunched on fallen leaves as she neared the library doors.

She walked to the same table she and Barbara always sat at, relaxing into her favorite creaky chair and closing her eyes for just a moment.

"You asleep there, Nance?" Barb's voice entered Nancy's hearing only peripherally. She felt warm. Watched. Again.

"No, just taking a moment. It's a nice day out, huh?" She firmly ignored the feeling. She was just being paranoid, surely? She kept checking for someone watching her, and no one was. *That's a psychological thing*, she thought. *Maybe I'm just super narcissistic and want someone to give me the attention I am already clearly focusing on myself. Or I am so caught up in looking for familiar faces as the human brain tends to be that I can't turn it off, even when there is no one there. Yeah, that's all.*

"Sure is. We should walk home instead of driving," Barb's voice was gently pointed, ribbing Nancy for being out of it, seemingly having

guessed why Nancy was spaced out.

Nancy made an affirmative "mmm" in response to Barb's sarcasm, opening her notebook from Civics. They had talked about some complicated philosophies today and she wanted to make sure she got them down. She began writing examples for each, tapping her pen on her bottom lip and twisting the ends of her hair in her fingers as she pondered her work.

"I need to go find a book for this research project. Mr. Musgrave is really the worst for making these small projects due weekly. He's the only reason I have work left to do this late in the quarter," Barb grumbled, standing and running her hand through her short hair. She pushed her glasses up the bridge of her nose with a sigh as she walked towards the stacks.

Nancy tapped her fingers on the table. She couldn't think of an example for this particular governmental function. She frowned and rubbed her hand on the back of her neck, noticing goosebumps sitting there, uncomfortable friends at a dinner party where the hosts are fighting. She had been thoroughly ignoring the continued itchings of an unknown person staring at her, but Barb was away from the table and her focus had been broken...

I'll look and that will be the end of it. Then the feeling will be assuaged and I can focus on important things instead of this paranoia.

She slowly but steadily turned so her gaze was over her shoulder. She gasped.

Directly in front of her vision, and therefore right behind her right shoulder, not inches from where her ponytail had been moments before, there was a dark T-shirt and leather jacket staring her in the face. She gulped and looked up, expecting it to be Steve messing with her. She had half a mind to give him a tongue-lashing, and the other half was about to faint, semi-hopeful he might catch her.

Stupid.

"That lesson today was pretty rough, huh?"

The voice wasn't velvet like Steve's. Nor was it tinged with a bit of gravel from smoking. And the face was definitely not Steve's, neither the slightly lighter and unkempt hair surrounding it, although it was just as nice to look at.

Jonathan Byers. She knew him from around. They were in the same class, always had been from elementary to high school. It was a small town. She may have even been to his house once or twice. And, oh yeah, her younger brother was friends with his younger brother, she thought, maybe? Best friends, even.

"Um, yeah, it was a bit of a challenge," Nancy finally found her voice which seemed to have jumped ship as soon as she'd seen Jonathan.

"Yeah, you mind if I sit? I could use a review partner." His voice was deeper than Steve's, both acoustically and in the meaning it held. He was not chewing gum. He held a hoodie, the same hoodie she had seen buried in a photography book at the table on Friday, a backpack slung over one arm, and his other hand paused on the seat on the other side of her from Barb as he waited for her response.

"Uh—y-yeah go ahead." Why was her voice shaking still? The surprise could have knocked it out momentarily, sure, but why was it continuing this charade as this delicate small thing?

As Jonathan sat down she wrung her hands together and tucked a stray piece of hair behind her ear. She coughed. Her face felt like she may have just eaten spicy food her mom sometimes tried to make to keep meals interesting for her dad.

He cleared his throat. "So what did you write as an example for this?" Jonathan pointed to a particular term.

Vocab. Good. I can ignore whatever my body has decided to do instead of function. School is good. Work is good.

"Oh I thought of it like this..." Her voice suddenly came out stronger and she jumped into the material, scrabbling for it like a drowning man grabbing driftwood after a shipwreck.

After a while Barb came back and—trying and failing to hide her

slightly surprised look regarding their new study mate—joined them and sat down, opening the book she had retrieved.

Their studying continued for a while, the most productive Nancy had been since last week. Every now and then when Jonathan would point to something in Nancy's notebook he would lean closer or his arm would be in her proximity, and she could feel his body heat pressing in around her. It was odd because when she caught his eye and they held contact, that same heat seemed to enfold her and she got goosebumps similar to what she had felt previously. Altogether it wasn't uncomfortable, and in fact it made her stomach twist with a pleasantness she couldn't describe, such that her thoughts came a little slower and her tongue felt sort of heavy and awkward in a sleepy way.

About an hour later the librarian again announced that the library was closing soon and they would have to leave. Jonathan's face flashed with some emotions that Nancy couldn't quite pin down as the three stood to retrieve their jackets and put their books away.

"Hey, are you heading home? I could take you, if that works better for Barb. I think we live closer together, right?" Jonathan inquired, causing Nancy's eyebrows to raise. She looked furtively at Barb.

Barb's widened eyes, flashing glance to Jonathan, and subtle head nod firmly indicated to Nancy that she should ditch Barb. *Why does she want me to hang out with Jonathan so bad? She's so anti-Steve, what's different about Jonathan?*

The idea of being alone with Jonathan for any extended amount of time made her heart kick up a notch in her chest, and she felt like her face might redden again. *What does this mean? What's happening to me, am I sick?*

Why does he want to drive me home? Do I want him to drive me home?

Panicking and completely unsure of Barb's instructions and her own bodily reactions, Nancy spat out "I have to use the restroom really quickly—Barb, come with me?" half a statement, mostly a question.

"Um—okay!" Barb semi-yelped as Nancy took hold of her arm and

dragged her towards the bathrooms. "We'll be right back, Jonathan!" Nancy saw Barb turn back toward a bewildered Jonathan in her periphery and huffed out a breath.

After she forcefully pulled the bathroom door closed Nancy put her hands on a sink and looked in the mirror, noting that her face was a tad reddened.

"What did you do that for?" Barb asked, confused.

"What do you mean what did *I* do that for, what did *you* do that for?" Nancy shot back, riled up. "I thought I deserved a nice guy, why do you throw me straight to the first one who isn't Steve? We barely know Jonathan! He could be a murderer. You know everyone in our grade thinks he's weird."

Barb's mouth dropped open at Nancy. "I can't believe you'd say that! I've had a class with Jonathan—we had to do a project. He *is* a nice guy. Since when did you care so much about what 'everyone in our grade' thinks?"

Nancy bit her lip, feeling properly cowed. She hugged her arms around herself tightly. It seemed like her heart and the new butterfly occupants of her stomach were trying to fight their way out of her midriff, and she wasn't sure how to stop them from jumping ship.

She cleared her throat. "Sorry Barb. You know I'm usually the vainer of the two of us. I just feel... a little overwhelmed. Jonathan... well... he makes me feel... weird," she sighed out, quieter now. She opened her eyes wide, panicked suddenly. "Wait—do you think he heard what I yelled just now?"

Barb shook her head. "This is a library, remember? Thick walls," Barb came over to her and put an arm around her shoulders. "How does he make you feel weird?"

Nancy closed her eyes. "Like someone has turned a shower head on me and the water is so hot it's kind of hard to breath. Or like I'm deep underwater, pressurized, pinned down with nowhere to go. Like I'm being seen through entirely."

Barb cocked one side of her lips up, letting out a "hmm" and appearing deep in thought. "You know, he can be a little weird. I've seen him staring at you."

Nancy's eyes flew wide again. "What?! Then why are you telling me to ride home with him! What if he is a total creep?"

Barb lightly slapped Nancy's arm. "He isn't. I could tell from the look in his eyes that he likes you. Watching someone from across the cafeteria doesn't make you a stalker, it means you think they're cute, right? I mean you've done it to Steve enough," Barb looked admonishingly at Nancy. Nancy wrung her hands. "And at least he had the balls to ask you out, instead of winking at you from across the library, like Mr. Harrington."

And you like him too, despite how little you seem to know him. I can see it. He can be awkward, but he is a nice guy. He's the kind of guy that you deserve. And he does have this way of seeing through literally everyone. So if he still wants to be with you, after having seen your vanity and how awkward you are, too, no doubt, then I say you should go for it. Why not?"

Something clicked in Nancy's brain. "Wait, so, was he staring at me in the library last week?"

Barb tilted her head questioningly, "On Friday?" Nancy nodded. "I mean, I saw him in there, but I don't know if he looked at you that particular day."

Nancy was silent for a moment. *He must have been the pressure. I know it. And to think that I was so preoccupied with Steve that I didn't even notice him there.*

"...If he has your seal of approval, then okay."

Barb smiled at Nancy and held out her arm for her to take. Nancy rolled her eyes and took it, her ponytail swinging back and forth. They walked out of the bathroom arm-in-arm.

When they left the bathroom all the lights in the library were out. "We were in there for a little bit, weren't we?" Nancy asked half-

chuckled, half stressed. "...I wonder if Jonathan is even still here," she queried as Barb held the front door of the library open for her and she walked out.

A voice sounded from a bench out front, "Yeah! I'm here."

Nancy gasped a little, realizing it was Jonathan.

"Oh, sorry! I didn't mean to scare you, or anything..." he ran his hand through his hair awkwardly, looking down and apparently unable to meet her gaze. "I... just wondered if you still needed a ride, so, I—I waited."

Barb flashed Nancy a glance with her eyebrow raised sternly and mouthed something that looked like, "Go on."

Nancy's heart skipped a beat in her chest. "Um, yeah! That would be great. That way Barb doesn't have to go back and forth and everything."

Jonathan looked up, his eyes seeming as though he did not expect that response. "O-Okay, cool, well, I'm parked just over here, if you're ready to go, that is? Barb, would you like us to walk you to your car first?" Jonathan offered, looking over and smiling a small, gentle smile.

Nancy's heart warmed a little, although she barely noticed over the feeling of her palms tingling and her breath seeming unable to come in strong enough. *Considerate. Much different than Steve.*

"Oh, I'm alright, but thank you! I'll see you tomorrow Nance, 'kay?" Barb waved and began walking in the opposite direction as Nancy and Jonathan headed.

They walked in silence to the car and Jonathan unlocked it, opening the passenger door for her and shutting it after she'd gotten in. She allowed herself a small smile as he walked to the driver's side, tucking a piece of stray hair behind her ear.

Jonathan turned the key in the ignition and flicked his lights on, checking every direction around the car before pulling out and flipping the button on the radio. She thought she felt his gaze flash

over to her, recognizing and knowing it now. It was nice to be able to put a name to that feeling.

Nancy started when a new track began on his tape. "Somebody to Love" by Jefferson Airplane began playing, and Nancy contentedly listened to the harmonies in the chorus, flushing a little at the subject matter. Now that she tuned in, she thought that the other songs before this had been love songs of a sort, too.

She started singing unconsciously, deep in thought.

"You like Jefferson Airplane, too?" Jonathan questioned, his voice sounding rough from disuse. He cleared his throat.

"Oh, yeah. My parents like to listen to some older music."

"Yeah, me too. I really like the style of the music from their generation's younger days. A lot of classics in there."

She hummed in agreement, unable to look at him for fear that looking at his eyes would make her face flush red again. Luckily, it was too dark to see her expression or his eyes, anyway.

I'm acting completely moronic. It's so quiet in this car. Thank god he's playing music. He has really good taste.

She suddenly heard that their voices were mingling, and tried to focus again. She hadn't consciously been aware of a conversation going on... But they weren't talking. They were singing. She had spaced out singing the melody and he was harmonizing. His voice wasn't amazing, not rock star-quality or anything, but he could hold a tune, and he knew them very well. She smiled, and she felt like her heart smiled too.

She rested her arm on the armrest and turned slightly towards the middle of the car instead of rigidly facing the window as she had been. Her palms were sweaty, she noted. It wasn't particularly warm in the car and she was just sitting there, but she felt overheated and like she'd just gone on a run in gym.

Something touched her hand.

It was Jonathan's. His fingers gently skimmed over her knuckles before his fingertips closed the gaps between hers, slowly, hesitantly, testing the waters.

She felt like she was drowning, under the pressure of a million tons of water under the ocean, but somehow she still had the breath in her chest to keep singing, her voice turning to a hum when she wasn't sure if it was going to stay steady.

How is he driving the car without crashing, when it feels like the pressure hasn't left my face?

In fact he seemed to be looking for her reaction.

Okay enough shyness, Nancy Wheeler. Say something, do something, anything!

Steeling herself with an extra breath to fend off some of the pressure in her chest, she turned her gaze towards Jonathan slowly, not wanting him to know she was looking at him. It was time she got to see through him, too.

His brow was furrowed, betraying that he wasn't entirely relaxed, despite how unfazed his voice sounded. Now that she paid attention, she also noted that it wasn't just her hand that was a tad sweaty. She smiled to herself.

Alright, so now you're looking at him... and gosh is he cute, but how about some words, there, genius?

"Um, hey, do you know how to get to my house?"

...Freaking brilliant, Nancy... You sure are book smart, but you are completely inept at social interaction.

"Uh, yeah, I drive over to pick up Will sometimes. Our brothers are good friends."

Nancy took the topic and latched onto it. Something, anything, was better than nothing. They had about five minutes of car-ride to go. Had it really only been ten so far? It had felt like an eternity.

"Oh, yeah, Will! He and Mike, and those other two boys, Dustin and Lucas... they've been friends a long time, huh?"

"Yeah, they like to play Dungeons and Dragons a lot. Your house seems to have the best basement for building forts, or is the only one with a basement at all, so they're over at your place pretty often."

She felt Jonathan's hand move as he spoke and she was worried for a moment that he would take it away, but he just turned her hand over and started tracing the tip of a finger over her palm, on which the sweat seemed to have abated for just a moment.

He was holding and is now playing with my hand. This means something, right? Was Barb right?

She decided to bite the bullet and moved her head to lie on his shoulder, a bit too fast and somewhat jerky in her awkwardness. He seemed to start a bit, but hummed softly before continuing his tracing on her hand and humming the tunes coming from the cassette player.

His jacket smelled heavily of cigarette smoke, but she knew from the smooth, untouched quality of his voice that he didn't smoke. Maybe a parent? His shoulder was warm, and his hair smelled kind of like the warm scent of a bonfire—a different kind of smoke, more pleasant and reminiscent of good fall memories. She finally felt relaxed. The pressure was like a heavy blanket. She could sense him glance down at her every now and then. She could have easily drifted off, lying there. She was almost disappointed when she felt the car slow and recognized the front of her house.

His fingers stopped tracing and laced through hers again.

"We're here," he stated quietly, more to fill the space than to inform her. She had already sat up from his shoulder and had glanced over to her house.

"Well, thanks for the ride," she said softly, smiling at him, her ribs full of twisting vines of something apparently alive and moving inside of her. Perhaps it was her feelings for him.

"Yeah, any time," he smiled back at her, his eyes half looking at her and half cast down, a slightly saddened look on his face. Nancy glanced at the clock.

"You know, you could come in, I mean, if you wanted. We'll be having dinner soon."

Nancy almost couldn't believe that such a confident invitation had come from her mouth.

"Oh! That sounds wonderful. I can't, tonight, sorry." Jonathan's voice sounded tense. She hoped she hadn't been too forward. Seeing the look on her face he continued, "I need to be home to be with Will—Mom won't be coming home until late because of work. But I would love to, another time?" He looked hopefully at her, like he might be afraid she'd been joking.

He's so... good. How can everyone at school be so mean to him? She thought to herself. Well, Nancy, don't discount yourself from that population... you were just being horrible not a half hour ago.

"Yeah. I would like that, too," she squeezed his hand, her heart squeezing in time with her action.

"Hey, um, wait, before you go, would you like to go see a movie sometime, maybe?" Her heart seemed to have stopped, and time felt frozen. *A real date.*

"Yeah! That sounds great. I mean, that would be nice," by some miracle Nancy's voice didn't quiver although her entire body felt like it was vibrating.

"Great! Uh, could I have your phone number? I can call you later to plan what we'll see?" She could see his cheeks turn rosy in the light of a streetlamp near the car.

"Yeah, of course. Here," she took a pen from her bag and wrote her home number on a piece of notebook paper she ripped from a spiral bound she had.

After handing that to him and noting that he carefully put it in his jacket pocket, buttoning it securely, she started, "Um, well, I guess I'll

see you at school tomorrow, then. Or uh, hear from you later, I suppose! Thanks again," she squeezed his hand once more before slipping out of his grasp and reaching for her bag to pull it over her shoulders. She turned away towards the car, preparing herself to somehow readjust to the gravity outside of the interior of his car, where the pressure would lift and his presence wouldn't surround her.

"Wait!" His outburst made her turn back toward him questioningly. Without warning his face was much closer to hers than it had been before, and she could see the fall-leaf color of his irises clearly. It was an oak-y color, deep and reminded her of fire-lit nights, roasting marshmallows, Halloween, curling up on the couch with a mug of hot cocoa in her favorite blanket. She felt his breath on her lips.

"I just, wanted to, uh..." she thought she saw his intentions behind his eyes, but he seemed suddenly afraid, "...say goodbye—"

She leaned forward herself and finished his motion, lightly pressing her lips to his before he could finish his sentence and get too nervous to follow through as he'd started. His were warm and pressed butterfly-like on hers, and she could feel his gasp in and then sigh out, his hand—no longer damp—coming to rest on her cheek, his fingers pressing on the back of her neck to pull her closer. His other hand wove into the base of her ponytail. The pressure from his hands and his presence was suffocating, but she craved it and didn't want it to end. Her lips moved with his gently but fervently, and when her eyes flickered open, she saw his do the same, and his stare pierced through her, redoubling the force surrounding her and making her gasp this time before his lids flicked shut again.

The kiss slowed, his pressure on her mouth, her head, and around her lessened, and she, regrettably, could breathe again.

She pulled her lips away fully but leaned her forehead on his, unable to bring herself to move away yet. His hands traveled to her cheeks and his eyes stared into hers. She fell into his depths, not really caring to resurface.

"I'll call you when I get home, to uh, talk about a movie. Do you have a ride to school in the morning..?"

She shook her head no, entranced by his eyes and the happiness that danced there, enveloping her like a warm breeze.

"I can come get you at nine, or so, if that sounds okay to you?"

She nodded. She would call Barb when she got inside that she had a new ride; somehow, she had a feeling her friend would be less than upset.

Realizing she needed to move out of the car tonight in order for his call to come later and him to come back tomorrow morning, she gently shook her head back and forth to clear her thoughts, liking the way his hands felt as her cheeks moved under them.

"I'll talk to you soon," she whispered. She pulled back, finding the movement difficult. His lips turned up softly as he tucked the strand of hair that refused to stay behind her ear behind her ear once again.

She leaned in to peck him on the cheek once more before forcing herself to turn away, fighting what felt like a gravitational pull towards him, hyperaware of his two eyes burning a path into the back of her head as she opened the door of the car.

"Goodnight, Nancy," he said, his voice light.

She shut the door. "Goodnight, Jonathan," she responded, throwing him a look over her shoulder and meeting his eyes as she shut the door.

Even as she heard him start the engine and drive away, she felt the pressure until he was out of sight. Nonetheless, she went inside feeling the lightest she had in a long time, and throwing a quick "hello" to her family she went straight upstairs to call Barb.

She's never going to let me live this one down, is she?

But that was okay, because she was excited for the call coming afterward, and for the morning ahead of her. A bit of positive pressure to try new things never hurt anyone, every now and then.

Hey guys! Man has it been a long time since I posted anything on

Fanfiction. School has been keeping me busy, so much so that I don't even really have time to read fanfic anymore, either. But I had this idea stuck in my head for a while and I was feeling really into the little romance that is undoubtedly blossoming between Nancy and Jonathan, so this happened! If you liked it or if you have any comments please review and let me know what you think! Let's all get excited for the new season of Stranger Things, yeah?

Thanks for reading! - Megan